FATTY WALSH'S DAUGHTER.

CAREER OF THE GIFTED ACTRESS, WHO IS OF SIXTH WARD BIRTH.

A Mott Street Girl Who Spent Part of Her Time in the Tombs as the Warden's Daughter—To the Stage from a Home Over Dry Dollar Sullivan's Saloon—Going Home in a Carriage Every Night—Much Credit Due Her Mother—Her Training.

Tom Walsh's daughter is the talk of the town. From a very humble Sixth ward home, from a birthplace in Mott street and a residence in the Tombs prison as the keeper's daughter, she has stepped over the footlights to become one of the most attractive figures on the theatrical stage. She is not a great actress. She is a beginner, but she is a good one. She was first seen by us fellow townsmen in the ambitious part of *Queen Elizabeth*. She was "stagey," but the faults that were found with her performance were mainly those which hypercriticism pointed out. The public liked her performance, and the critics marvelled that a girl born in the Sixth ward, who had lived there all her life, could be so queenly, so graceful, so perfectly at ease, and so gently spoken. The nub of the best comments that were made was this: "If that is 'Fatty' Walsh's daughter, she must have had a convent education."

Now she is playing at Palmer's Theatre under a Frohman management, the leading part in the latest and most ambitious play by Bronson Howard, the first of American playwrights. She is made to figure as the young wife of a millionaire who moves in the first society of the old and the new worlds. Not Mrs. Potter nor Mrs. Langtry, who were familiar with the polished world before they went upon the stage, are a whit more ladylike than she. In the main she aids the stage in its first function of showing by example how good breeding and polish are expressed by those who possess them. And yet she is the daughter of a Tombs keeper—the product of the down-town tenement quarter. So history repeats itself. Peg Woffington sold cresses in the streets of Dublin. Frances Abington, so great in Garrick's time, was born in the slums of Drury Lane, and yet sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds several times. Kitty Clive was better born, but very illiterate, and, in our own day, Adelaide Neilson was very humbly born and far from admirable in the choice of her early career. Of these facts the historians have made tales that seem romantic. Then who can blame New York for finding Blanche Walsh's young career as interesting as it is peculiar?

The wonder is that the stage folk speak very generously of her and credit her with great talent. They smile at the stuff that has been written about her instinctive stage "business" and her intellectual grasp of the intent of the author in every part she has portrayed. Modern actresses, with a few exceptions among the stars, are not left to create their own "business," or to analyze the character of the parts that are given to them. They are drilled and drilled until it may almost be said that they do not raise a hand or put one foot before another except under instruction and training. The modern stage managers, and even some playwrights, like Belasco, perform almost pedagogic parts in drilling actors and actresses in performing every little detail of what they are to do in a new piece that is undergoing rehearsal.

MISS WALSH AT HOME.

Miss Walsh very frankly speaks of Marie Wainwright as her teacher. Thus she got at second hand, and from a very clever woman, the tuition that Louis James gave to that finished actress. Louis James is a thorough old-style, well schooled actor, and it was great luck for Miss Walsh to fall into the hands of one of his pupils. In "Aristocracy" the whole company was drilled by Gene W. Presbrey, Mr. Frohman's stage manager, who is one of the cleverest men in his line in this country.

The first effort to obtain the true color and keynote of her early surroundings was made with a noted politician and ex-official, who was seen in a shop on Fourteenth street.

"I don't know her at all," said he, "though I know her father, Tom Walsh, very intimately. She must be doin' wonders, though, for to-night there was a meeting in Tammany Hall, and when it broke up a dozen leading men all came in here and the whole talk was about the girl. They say she's great. I am told her salary is in the hundreds. No one of them thinks she was ever poor, though, for Tom would be worth $100,000 if he had kept his money. He never has money, though; he scatters it with his friends. I'll tell you what the men who were in here to-night were saying. They were saying that it'll be found out that the makings of the girl are in the mother. Some of them have seen her, and they say she's one in a thousand for pride and style. Tom wouldn't be of a mind to have much to do with his home, d'ye see?

"They say the girl is like a queen; rides around in her cart and dresses like a Murray Hill belle. I hear the whole family'll be moving to Harlem soon. When the managers and actresses drive down to the Sixth Ward to call on the girl the ragamuffins in the street pelt the coachmen with mud, I'm told. They're not used to that sort of thing down there, and Tom couldn't expect better of them, anyhow."

Some one said that the Hon. Dry Dollar Sullivan was born and reared in the Sixth Ward, and played with Miss Blanche Walsh, in her childhood, in the streets. The Hon. Dry Dollar was found in the saloon that he used to keep at 17 Centre street. Tall and athletic and well groomed, he leaned against the bar rail that had been wet a thousand times a day with heeltaps from Sixth Ward drinks, and wiped quite as often with the coat-sleeves of the statesman's customers. He bought the saloon of the Hon. Thomas P. Walsh, and that leader of thought and action "in the Sixth" was then in the barroom, surrounded by queer-looking men with both hands occupied, for they were both drinking and smoking.

"No," said Dry Dollar Sullivan, "I can't say that I ever played with Miss Walsh or knew much about her, but there's the old man. He's dead stuck on her and on the success she's making, and why wouldn't he be? He will be glad to tell you all about her. He'll hold off at first, for he won't know whether to show his pride or not, but keep at him and he'll give his insides away to you."

The time-honored and dignified ceremony, suited to so happy a meeting in other places beside the Sixth ward, was then indulged in, and as each man nominated his tipple it was observed that both the Hon. Tom Walsh, who drinks when he pleases, and the Hon. Dry Dollar Sullivan, who never drinks at all, ordered cider and quaffed it as if they liked it.

"Now, I'll stand the cigars," said the reporter for THE SUN.

"I'm damned if you will—I'll do it myself," said the Hon. Mr. Walsh. After that the proud father and his recollections of his talented daughter's childhood were soon and easily parted.

BLANCHE WALSH'S FATHER.

Mr. Thomas P. Walsh, now an official of the Dock Department, as well as a leader in the ward, is a man with a strong and attractive face. His features are all well cut and bold. He is not unlike a stout faced Ben Franklin, and his face is distinctly up to what may be called the postage-stamp standard, which is to say that it is as fine as, and not unlike, the countenances with which we have been wont to distinguish the northeasterly corners of our mail matter. The amiability and generosity, which are said to have left him poor while in the receipt of fortunes, are betrayed in his handsome, big, mild eyes, his large nose, and his generous but shapely mouth.

That compliment which the Princess Scheherazade so frequently paid to handsome men when she said that each "had a face like the new moon" could be fittingly dealt to him, for his face is round and even an extra chin that came with good living and an easy conscience has not broken the jocund circle. He has dignity—that poise and pride that one so often sees in elderly Irishmen. He uses good language, has a wide vocabulary and correct pronunciation and only made one little mistake in all that he said during a long interview. He called his lovely daughter "the pattren child of the neighborhood." But a great many old country folk say "pattren" for pattern. He was born in Ireland and came to the Sixth ward when he was 4 years old. He began to take school training in the same Mott street primary in which his daughter was first enrolled as a public school pupil. When we see how closely he has followed the stage performances in town for fifty years, we shall understand where he got his vocabulary and pronunciation. As for the rest of his acquirements and experience, he has been everything and done everything that has come in the way of a Sixth ward politician since the days when the Bowery and the Volunteer firemen ran the town. He is an all-round Sixth warder if there ever was one, and Dry Dollar Sullivan is tender by comparison.

All old readers of THE SUN know Mr. Walsh, and have read how he controls the Italian vote in the Italian colony down town. In their mind's eye they see him balancing himself on a barrel and calling out: "Who is the truest friend of Italy in New York," while all his hearers shout, "Fatta Walsha alla de time-a."

Mr. Walsh's theatre-going reminiscences reach back to the days of Burton, when that great comedian played in his own theatre, where the American News Company's building now stands, with the Court House in front of it and Aaron Burr's house next door to it in the rear. Mr. Walsh went thirty nights hand-running to hear Caroline Richings in a famous English opera, being especially taken with the song, "The Heart Bowed Down." He saw Laura Keene and Mrs. John Wood and the Bryants and the pantomimic pair of Foxes; indeed, he remembers the old Bowery Theatre, in the glorious days of Tom Hamblin's management. Twenty odd years ago he married, and began to take his wife to the theatre twice a week. In time Blanche was born, and the mother began to take her, even as a baby girl, to Wallack's, Niblo's, and the Union Square, when those were the great theatres of the town.

Mr. Walsh was so kind as to tell the story of his famous daughter's career as best he could recall its main features. She was born on Jan.

MISS WALSH'S BIRTHPLACE—36 MOTT STREET.

4, 1873, at 36 Mott street, which is now a house in Chinatown. There she lived until 1880, when the family moved to 27 City Hall place, a funny little old-fashioned street, one block long, which dives out of Chambers street and immediately fetches up at Pearl street, the old tower of the City Hall being in plain view over the roof line at the head of it. In 1887 her father became Warden of the Tombs, and the 14-year old girl, then and now his only child, found her home in the prison, but at the southeastern end of it, facing Howe & Hummel's law offices and entirely separated from the prison, which is in the court of the building, and from the turnkeys and keepers, who have to do only with the up-town side of the main building. The Walshs lived in the Tombs fifteen months, and then Mr. Walsh bought the saloon at 17 Centre street and took apartments over it. When that business was sold to the Hon. Dry Dollar Sullivan Mr. Walsh removed his family to his present home at 37 City Hall place, five doors from where he lived when his daughter was a little girl.

When the little baby was born, in Mott street, Dr. Hogan, the family doctor, found it convenient to go out of town. He sent another doctor and afterward, while the mother lay ill in bed, the two doctors were in the room together. "Look here, doctor," said one, "come to the window. I want you to look at this baby's head." The mother became interested and somewhat alarmed. "I've brought a thousand of these into the world," said the doctor, "but I never saw one like this." The uneasiness of the mother may be imagined. "For Heaven's sake," she said, "what is the matter with it's head?" "Oh, it's all right, ma'am," said the first doctor; "it's the best formed one I ever saw. It ought to be a boy. It would be a great and successful man." "Oh, is that all?" said the mother; "then I can go to sleep."

Mrs. Walsh is an eminently practical woman. She never told her daughter any fairy stories or indulged in any baby talk with her in all the young girl's life. If children began any silly stories (as she called them) she found a way to stop the stories or get her child away. She brought her up in such innocence, Mr. Walsh says "that the child believed the sparrows were God's messengers, and that if she did wrong and no one else was by the sparrows would fly to God and tell him." Miss Wainwright chided the mother for allowing her daughter to grow up so unconscious of the great forces and facts of life. "It's wrong," said the older actress; "she's as innocent as a four-year-old child. She has no idea of anything that her mother has not told her, and her mother has told her nothing."

The pretty daughter—always the best-dressed girl in the Sixth ward—went to the primary school in Mott street, and then to Twelfth street grammar school for girls, where the principal said there was a fortune in her voice. Then she went to Twentieth street school in order to graduate at 13, which they would not allow her to do in Twelfth street. Mr. Walsh and her mother wished her to enter the Normal College, and as she needed to be a year older than she was he exerted "all his pull" to break the rule. He failed, and the Mayor, Mr. Grace, tried his "pull" and failed. "And then," said the ex-prison keeper, "Blanchey took the case in her own hands, and said she didn't care, and went and joined the Lyceum School of Acting without saying a word to anybody."

"Had she ever shown any fondness for the stage?" Mr. Walsh said, echoing a question. "Yes, sir, from the start. It sounds ridiculous, but I'll tell you who'll prove it—that's the widow of Larry Kiernan, so long Clerk to the Board of Education—for she was present at my brother William's when Blanchey recited the Lord's Prayer and 'Hail Mary' at 2 years of age. About 1888, when she was 15 years old, she recited a poem at a benefit to Dr. Dwyer's family at the Windsor Theatre on a Sunday night. It was while we lived at 17 Centre street, and from there she went on the road for an engagement with the "Siberia" company. She played with that troupe one season. Louis James saw her one night in the Academy at Mike Norton's benefit and engaged her for "Twelfth Night," with which piece Marie Wainwright was going to begin a season. Miss Wainwright was afraid she was too young, but Tom McDonough, the manager of the "Siberia" troupe, said it was 'safe to put her anywhere, as she was full of talent from her toes to her head.' She remained with Miss Wainwright three seasons, and that is the history of her stage experience up to her joining the present company in 'Aristocracy.'" It was in Marie Wainwright's presentation of "Amy Robsart" that New Yorkers saw Miss Walsh as *Queen Elizabeth*.

"Was your daughter ever poor?" The question was put because it has been assumed that she had a typical Sixth ward childhood, with bare feet and a possible acquaintance with the local custom of carrying "the growler" or beer pitcher to and from the nearest saloon.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Walsh, "my income has always been a very comfortable one, and my little girl grew up the pattern girl of the neighborhood. The other mothers held her up

THE WARDEN'S HOME IN THE TOMBS.

to their children. 'Look at Blanchey Walsh,' they used to say; 'she never has her face dirty and never plays in the street.' Her mother was very particular about who she played with, and those who were invited into the house to play with the child were very proud. She never played in the street in her life. At different times she was taught to ride, swim, skate, fence, and dance. Every summer we'd go to Mulry's, at Far Rockaway, or to Swift's or Thompson's at the Jersey Highlands, and there she'd swim and ride and be the attraction of the place. She'd swim far out, like a man. She is very athletic. If any man ever insulted her she'd give him the back of her hand and wipe him off his feet, but no man ever did. Her mother was always with her everywhere, in town and out. They've been like one person together since Blanchey was born. She never left her mother's side till she went on the stage. Her mother travels with her still. To be sure, she went to California and back alone, but her mother went with her afterward."

"Talking about her accomplishments and her taste for acting," the proud father went on, "she says to me once, 'I'll be the Charlotte Cushman of my time.' That was when she was a child. 'Who's she?' I asked. 'What do you know about Cushman?' 'I know all about her,' says she. 'I've been reading her life. I'll make more money in a month,' says she, 'than you ever made in a year.' I remember one time she and I disagreed about pronouncing a word. She was a little girl of thirteen and I was helping her with one of her lessons. She corrected my pronunciation and told me how her teacher spoke the word. 'What's your teacher?' I asked. 'Well, what are you?' said she. 'I'm better than you,' she said. 'I can read and write and spell better. I can swim as well. I can skate and you can't. I can ride and you can't. I can fence and you can't. I can play the piano and the banjo. I can do all that you can except one thing, and that's not ladylike; that's fighting.'"

"What do the neighbors—your old friends in the ward—think of her?" Mr. Walsh was asked.

"Oh, they are all proud of her. They've nearly every one of them been to the theatre to see her. I know them all, you know."

"Will she save money and become rich?"

"Well, I don't know. Her mother says she is too much like me. Come 'round to the house and we'll call on the mother."

The way was blocked at the door of the saloon by an incident that smacked very strongly of the Sixth ward. It was a tramp who was the obstruction—a very far-fetched and extravagant type of a tramp, with red eyes and matted hair above a shambling pillar of rags.

"Give us something, will ye, boss?"

Mr. Walsh put a five-cent piece in the beggar's hand, and as he did so he said: "Now, look here, don't send your partner in here. If you do I'll give him the bounce."

"I have no partner, sir."

"What's become of him?"

"Dead, sir."

"He's pushing clouds, eh?"

"It's not a man, sir; it was me wife was the only partner I ever had." With that the poor devil lifted his tattered hat reverently.

"Get along out of that," said Mr. Walsh, hiding the sympathy he felt aroused. "We ain't going to discuss your wife."

MRS. WALSH, THE MOTHER.

City Hall place is old-fashioned and decrepit rather than vicious. It is beginning to tire of a century's battle against the tendency of the neighborhood to run down at the heels. It is by no means a slum. It is narrow, and choked here and there with trucks that have been laid up to rest. It does not get swept as often as if it were more important, and a big rag merchant does the heaviest business that it knows, the other important institutions of the place being St. Andrew's Church, Primary School No. 23, a grocery, a shop for the sale of Catholic altar ornaments, and a beer saloon. The dwellings along the street are mainly narrow, old-fashioned three-story and basement houses, such as make up the greater part of the Eighth and Ninth wards, and were standard houses fifty years ago. In one of these lives Miss Blanche Walsh. The stone steps have been battered and chipped by at least three generations of street boys with hammers and rocks, and there is a little paper "whisper" on the door frame announcing "Furnished rooms to let." Knots of little Arabs range the street like cattle, and one band is baking stolen potatoes over a bonfire exactly in front of No. 37.

Inside the house all is as nice as you please. The hall is carpeted and beside the foot of the stairs a portière is stretched across the passage. The front room is Mr. Walsh's. The folding bed is a piece of massive furniture facing an old-fashioned square piano that bears on its top a great litter of photographs of the daughter of the house, showing her as a milliner, as Queen Elizabeth, in her semi-masculine street attire, and in a dozen guises. The sanctum sanctorum of the family is the back parlor. It is a cosey, almost a handsome apartment. The light from without is softened by falling through lace curtains. The mantel is prettily draped. Little china statues stand about on tiny tables. In a corner by one window is an *étagère* loaded with pretty-pretties. Opposite, by the other window, is the young actress's carved writing desk, small enough to suit the queen of the fairies (that are forbidden the house), but crammed with envelopes and note paper and old letters and cards to a highly impressive degree. Pictures of the beautiful stage favorite are again abundant here, and all except one are beautiful. That one is a colored photograph of her taken when she was 4 or 5 years old, and representing her with hay-colored hair and tiny pantalettes. Looking across at her baby face from the opposite wall is a great portrait of the Sixth ward statesman at 32 years of age, with a slight young face and a black moustache. He was handsome then, but not imposing as he is to-day. A little doll, bent as if her joints were rheumatic, sits against the fireplace, but leans away from it. It was Miss Walsh's favorite playmate years ago. There are only two pieces of reading matter visible in the house. One is the *Dramatic Mirror* and the other is a fat paper novel, "The Soul of Lilith," by Marie Corelli.

THE ACTRESS'S DESK AT HOME.

As the father bids his visitor be seated he looks at the piano in the other room and then at the banjo on the other side of the fireplace from the doll, and he remarks: "Her music is the only thing that was not properly attended to. She plays well, of course, but, you see, her music teacher was an old German who was very skilful, but who used to take snuff. That disgusted my daughter, and she did not give her heart to her studies as she should."

He spoke of the neighborhood, and said: "Blanche has never liked it. Indeed, it is disagreeable for her to live down here. She can't very well invite her friends. No, I am not going to Harlem or anywhere else. In February the theatrical company leaves the city, and my wife goes with Blanchey on the road. After that we have not determined what to do. I am personally satisfied here. I was brought up here, and know every one. My political life has kept me among my old friends. But you can see it is not what my daughter would choose."

The footsteps of the wife sounded in the hall and down the basement stairs. "Excuse me for my roughness with my wife," said Mr. Walsh, and going to the door he called, with the gentleness of a mother toward her child:

"Minnie! oh, Minnie!" In another moment in came Mrs. Walsh.

At the first sight of her it was apparent that there are two heads to the Walsh family, and that Mrs. Walsh reigns over the domestic economy of 37 City Hall place, content to leave the rest of the ward to her husband's rule.

She had a very dashing air, and looked young to be the mother of a 19-year-old girl. Her eyes reflected good health and lively spirits. They sparkled like the ripples on a sunlit rill. Perhaps it was that she has renewed her youth in the glory of her daughter's springtime. She was dressed in the mode that has attracted especial attention to Miss Blanche Walsh on upper Broadway. Her jacket was of black cloth and very like a man's. She wore a black waistcoat and a masculine shirt front and necktie.

"Ah," said her visitor, "you have taught your daughter to like semi-masculine clothing."

"No," said she, "it is nature to her. I want to be as little like the women as I can. I wear shirts—men's shirts. Not mere fronts, but shirts. Do I borrow Tom's? No, because they're not gallus enough. Can I put my hands up over my head any better than if I wore a modish dress? Indeed I can. Look and see. I like this sort of dress because it's easier."

Her entrance was like a burst of sunlight in the room. She is all vitality and vivacity. She is tall and of large build, and very like her daughter in the shape and characteristics of her face. She is a New Orleans woman by birth.

"My daughter had no playmates from the streets," she said, leaping into the subject in hand. "No playmates at all. Why? Because the children who might have been her playmates if I had allowed it would be apt to say bad words and have bad habits, and I would not allow her to be with them. So I was her playmate, and went down on my knees when she needed me there to play with her."

"Weren't you afraid to let her go on the stage?"

"Afraid? Why?"

"Don't you know?"

"Well, I am not afraid. A good girl will be a good girl anywhere, I'll tell you that. As for her going on the stage, I said she should be what I lost the chance to be—an actress. I always wanted to go on the stage, and I determined she should have those qualifications which I missed. In addition to her education and my training, I took her to every dime museum, skating rink, variety show, dance, theatre—to everything in town—all her life. Wherever a door was open we went in. I tried to train her judgment upon what we saw, telling her what was good or bad, and why I thought it so."

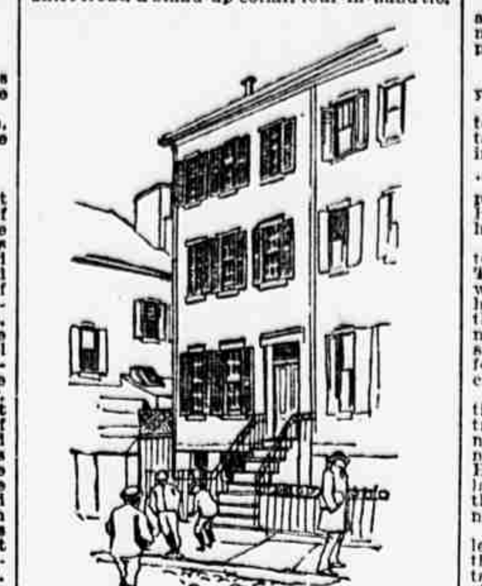
"I must ask one peculiar question; what is your daughter's peculiarity as to temperament? Geniuses are often peculiar. They are sometimes vain, proud, ill tempered, petulant—various things. What is her temper?"

"Angelic," said the mother. "She is the most popular person wherever she goes. The people at the theatre call her 'one of the boys,' just as I call her 'my Tommy' at home. I'll tell you what happened once in a company she played with. She was waiting for her cue to go on alongside the stage when an actor of the company was making his way past her. 'Hold on,' said she, 'your pants are rolled up.' She got down in her beautiful dress and turned down the bottoms of his pants. 'What you? To do that!' the actor said. He was surprised. 'Why not?' she asked. 'You couldn't go on with your pants turned up, could you?' she asked. That's just the way she is with everybody, high and low, rich or poor. See, here is a picture from an actor, and on it he has written, 'To a jolly girl, from her chaste friend.' Oh, they simply love her."

"Look here," said Mr. Walsh quite abruptly, "I've been in my own house three-quarters of an hour. That's longer than I was ever in it before. Let's go out and get the air."

THE FAIR YOUNG ACTRESS.

In the parlor, when a second call was made at the house, Miss Blanche Walsh herself performed the honors of the hostess. She came in with the same beautiful poise of the head that distinguishes her every night as *Mrs. Diana Stockton*. She was dressed in black—a mannish black coat, a very low vest, a broad shirt front, a stand-up collar, four-in-hand tie,



MISS WALSH'S HOME IN CITY HALL PLACE.

and a black skirt. In her scarf was a tiny cluster of pearls. In the left-hand lapel of the jacket was a star of small diamonds. Her shirt front, following the superb development of her figure, curved outward below the line of her shoulders, and then in again toward her waist. Her scarf had to be pinned at the bottom to make it follow so generous a curve. Her shoulders were very wide. She is at least 5 feet 7¾ inches in height—which is tall for a woman—and weighs 135 pounds. In her best form she weighs 140 pounds.

She looked her age, which is 19, and seemed ten years younger than she does on the stage. The plump lines of girlhood in her face are absolutely unmarred. There is even the bloom upon her complexion which is found on certain fruits as they grow on the parent stems. One would say that she has never known trouble or real disappointment either in her downy bird's nest in Mott street, or since then as a fledgeling, in the Tombs and City Hall place. Her hair is nut brown and fine as silk. Her face is more round than oval. It is the shape of her father's, but her full red lips, her shapely faintly Roman nose, and her strong chin are direct inheritances from her mother.

"Did you keep chucking her under the chin to force her to hold it up in the proud way she carries her head?" the mother was asked.

"'Hold up your head—keep your toes out,' is that what you mean?" the matron asked, gayly. "No, I don't remember that. I'll tell you what I did, though: from her little childhood I walked with her with my arm around her waist. That was so that she had to keep step with me—to give her a stride, a fine walk, you know. That is a necessary accomplishment."

"Oh, yes," said the young leading lady, "and you kept saying, 'don't slump your shoulders. Stand straight or you will be stoopy-shouldered.' I remember that."

"But this trick of walking with your arm around her. How on earth did you know about that?"

"How? Why, I had a mother—didn't I?" Mrs. Walsh replied.

When Miss Walsh was alone with her visitor she talked freely and frankly. Without being hoydenish, she is sparkling and vivacious. She has great eyes like a deer's, and she purses up her mouth in a funny little fashion when she talks. When she purses her lips a dozen hair-like wrinkles radiate from it and from her nose. That is nature, not a stage acquirement. She has some stage ways against which her mother will yet tell her to guard herself—a shrug of the shoulders and roll of the eyes, for instance. But few actresses are as little "stagey" as she or can be as girlish and merry, because few women are so robust.

She said that her first experience was with Miss Wainwright, and "she I consider my teacher," she added. Reminded of her really first experience with the "Siberia" company, she said: "Oh, I never think of that. I don't count it. It was only a few weeks.

THE PARLOR OVER DRY DOLLAR SULLIVAN'S.

"I never, from my first appearance, knew what stage fright or nervousness was," she said. "Miss Wainwright used to say, 'You will never be a great actress, darling, till you feel nervous.' 'Then, dearest,' I used to say, 'I'll never be a great actress.' Even as a little kid I never felt it when I gave a recitation before strangers. Miss Wainwright is awfully nervous, you know. Why, when she was going on, and she would touch you, your whole body would shake from the violence of her nervousness. I remember that once when we went on together—it was in 'Twelfth Night'—I put my arm around her to steady her, and I was so anxious for her that I forgot all about myself. The others in the company said that it was wonderful because I had such a trial before me. But it was not wonderful, for I never even gave myself a thought."

"What is to be your lifework?"

"I don't know yet," she said; "I haven't found out. I want to have a try at Shakespeare. His are the heroines I most admire: *Rosalind*, *Portia*, *Lady Macbeth*, you know. I'm going to try them all. People say you can't portray all sorts of emotions till you have had experience; that you must have suffered, and—and—all that, you know. I don't think so. I believe you can put yourself, your mind, in lots of portrayals that you have not experienced. Who has had all the experiences of all the parts she plays? Of course I study my part and think about it a great deal, and try to express the author's meaning."

"How about that astonishing thing you are doing every night? You are a proud and good woman, wooed by a scamp. You tell him you hate him, and then you throw yourself in his arms. How about that?"

"I know. I have friends with whom I am always rowing about that. I can never agree that it is not all right. There are such women and such men. She is pure—I feel that she is very good and nice. But she is weak—all women—everybody is. True, she knows what he is—a regular scamp. But she is ambitious and wants to get into society. Don't you remember how she explains herself in the first act? Well, he has been in all the courts of Europe. He has a proud place in the highest circles. Yet he has left all that, left everything, to be near her. That flatters her. She insults him, says horrible things to him. My! I'd like to see any one insult me so. It's all in her eyes meeting his—that's how I reason. It's a sort of hypnotism; isn't that it? It's all unknowing to herself. She meets his eye just as she is insulting him again. She falls in his arms. I think she does not know it—can you understand? The way I play it is as if it was all unknowing to her and she does not know she is in his arms until the bell rings, almost at the same instant. Oh, I am sure that could all happen.

"Then, again, people say I should never fall at my husband's feet. A proud woman would never do it. You think so, too, I see, but it's pretty—a pretty picture, eh?"

"No; it's shocking and pitiful."

"Well, maybe so. It's in the play, though, you know."

"They talk about you, Miss Walsh, as a better candidate than Miss Rehan for the Montana silver statue. Have you ever appeared in short skirts?"

"Oh, yes," she said, without any hesitation. "I have played in tights. I'll show you. I played the boy part of *Zamora* in 'The Honeymoon.' I can't find that picture, but here is one of me as *Rosalind*."

It was a pretty picture. It left no doubt as to her fitness to pose as a model for the statue. The words of her mother on the previous day were recalled: "Miss Rehan? It's absurd for her to play parts like *Rosalind* or that giddy thing in the last piece at Daly's. There's nothing to her." Motherly pride spoke out strongly there. Her daughter is as perfectly formed as an outdoor life and a love of exercise can render a healthy girl.

Miss Walsh speaks very musically and prettily. She has caught the English tone very truly. The only trouble with her speech would not be criticised by most persons; that is, that now and then she is too broadly English. Even so, her manner of speech is distinctly lady-like. Her Irish blood is not traceable through any brogue. But neither her mother nor her father give a hint of a brogue.

Mr. Walsh was born in Ireland, and doubtless the daughter owes much of her talent to the race she sprang from. "My critics say I talk as if I was always saying prunes and persimmons," she remarks, "but if I am careful

AS MRS. STOCKTON IN "ARISTOCRACY."

in my speech it is because I was always taught."

In answer to very many questions, Miss Walsh said that her Mott street schooling was of a primary grade. After it she went to Twelfth street school under Miss Coles. She was too young to graduate as she wished to, so she went to Twentieth street school and got through it at 13. Her dancing lessons were taken at Brooks's, in Broome street, where so many old New Yorkers, now living up town, were put through their paces. There they advised her to take instruction in the ballet—she was so apt a scholar. "But I never liked that idea," she said. Fencing came later—quite recently. "And now," she said, "I keep a cart up town and drive in the Park quite frequently. Do I come down here with it? My! no." And she rides frequently and walks a great deal.

Her nature strongly inclines to the masculine. When she told of her maid's having to sew, she added that she was glad she did not have to do it. "I hate sewing and cooking and all woman's work," said she.

"And can't you do them?" she was asked.

"No: I can't do any of those things," she made answer.

"Oh," said her mother, "how can you say so? Sir, she can go down in the kitchen this minute and cook you a first-class dinner—as good as you want."

"Oh, mamma."

"And she made the first dress she ever wore at the Lyceum School of Acting—made every stitch of it herself."

"Yes, and such stitching!" exclaimed Miss Walsh; "you may be glad you don't have to wear anything I ever sewed together. No, I don't like any sort of woman's work."

She once possessed that which is at once a care and a crown to woman—a lovely head of long hair. Her brown silken tresses were so long that she could sit upon them. But the sum of the care of this appendage was greater than the glory, and every now and then she sliced off a foot of it, until in time she had neither long nor short hair, when she finished the sacrilege by chopping it off to within three or four inches of her cranium. This short and wayward hair she now manages to fill with pins in "Aristocracy," so that she appears to have a knot behind her head, and no one imagines her hair to be like a boy's.

When her visitor was leaving she caught up a man's alpine hat—one of those soft, brown cloth hats with a rolling brim and a dented crown. It had been lying under the table.

"Is it yours?" she asked. "No? Well, it isn't papa's. It must be one of mine."

She clapped it over her short, curling brown tresses, pulling it archly down upon one ear. Standing as she did, between the table and the light, her narrow skirt was lost sight of. She looked like a handsome young man of twenty.

"You wished you were a boy, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," she cried, almost clapping her hands. "Indeed I did."

"And now how is it? Are you not satisfied to be a woman, even now?"

"Yes," she hesitated; "I suppose I am."

It is behind the scenes at Palmer's Theatre that the wonderful revolution in the young girl's life is most apparent. A leading lady in a first-class theatre is for the time a queen. It is said by the theatre folk that Miss Walsh seems as little conscious of her success as any woman they ever saw. In a pecuniary way her career has quickly given her a wonderful status on the stage. Beginning at $60 a week with Miss Wainwright, she now looks upon such a salary as picayunish. And yet she talks to all the people—the stage hands and call boy and all—greeting each one and chatting with whoever is nearest her at any time.

She has a large dressing room, and she has beautified it to suit herself. Beginning to occupy it six weeks ago, and having to keep it until February, she has given it something of the style of a permanent boudoir.

There is a door to the dressing room, but she leaves it open. In place of it she has set up a great screen a step or two within the room, opposite the portal. "That is so that people can talk to me and I can talk to them while my maid is dressing me and without coming in," she says. The actors and actresses are fond of chatting with her over the screen. Instead of a table she has a long, wide dressing shelf, whereon are scattered the implements of her make-up, grease paints and brushes and powder puffs and the like. This shelf is clothed with a soft and pretty light lambrequin. The mirror over it, against the wall, is framed with a light, small-figured China silk. The dresses that hang in a swollen line against one wall are covered with a pretty curtain, and over it is a long line of leather frames set with photographs. A number of Japanese splashers made of fine bamboo are hung about on another wall and stuck full of photographs. All about the walls over these are tall panel photographs. She has hung the window with chintz curtains, and her washstand is made pretty, and all but too delicate for use, by a dainty covering.

As she says herself, "her part gives her only short waits," and in those little intervals she has to change her very fashionable gowns several times. Moreover, she has to climb two flights of stairs to reach her room.

"You may know how little time I have," she told her mother, "when you hear that I wear my last act stockings in the first act. I have stockings for each gown, and each act has its own gown. I put on the last-act stockings, which are one color, over them, and over them again I put the stockings of the other colors, the fourth pair being for the first act. I have only time to let my maid peel them off in each wait. She saves me half my time. One of my dresses hooks up the back, and she has to do that. Another hooks up under the arms, and I hook one side while she hooks the other."

"Are the dresses made peculiarly so that they can be put on in a hurry?"

"No," she says, "they are precisely like those any lady would wear in every-day life."

It will interest the women in town to know that she had to buy with her own money all the "Aristocracy" dresses herself—the beautiful gown in the first act, the red brocaded satin, trimmed with ermine, in which she is supposed to be presented to the Queen, and the other two that must have cost $200 each.

Her maid hangs up these gowns, mends whatever is torn or loses its hooks or buttons, tidies the dressing room, and makes herself generally useful. When the play ends the young heroine has nothing more to do but to step into her coupé, so that one may say her stage life as a *grande dame* does not really end until the cabby pulls up his horse at 37 City Hall place. JULIAN RALPH.

RESPLENDENT LIVERIES.

The New Fashion in Gotham of Gaudy Tints in Servants' Attire.

At a very smart function on Fifth avenue the other evening some of the guests were much impressed by the presence of three scarlet-coated attendants, with powdered heads, who served under the direction of a grave English butler in full dress. In view of the rapid growth of foreign ceremonial etiquette in this country, the innovation was scarcely surprising. For some time past it was well known that two leaders of the beau monde of New York were only waiting the arrival of suitable liveries from London to transform their modest footmen into full-blown flunkies. They had studied up the matter thoroughly on the other side, and felt sure the time was ripe for the introduction of silk-stockinged servants over here.

That this last social departure proved satisfactory and handsomely effective no one present will pretend to deny. The light knee breeches, buckled shoes, gold-laced red coats, and white heads of the men, furnish fine bits of color in yellow drawing rooms, as well as against the dark furnishings of the rest of the house. They were all three tall, broad-shouldered, fresh-faced young fellows, with straight limbs and upright carriage. Watching them moving about the flower-trimmed tables they seemed very sympathetic additions to the brilliant picture.

This latest novelty may make the dressing of one's servants as complicated a question in New York as in England, where so much stress is laid upon liveries. Only those thoroughly informed as to the nice distinctions observed should ever attempt to step beyond the conventional limits. Better be served by a white-capped maid all one's life than a second man with low-cut vest or a butler whose coat deviates ever so slightly from the claw-hammer pattern. The rules laid down by English etiquette are plain, inflexible, and well worthy of attention by those proposing to indulge in a little foreign flummery.

To begin with, one's butler should never appear in the morning in other than lacquered shoes, trousers of some dark gray mixture, a waistcoat buttoning nearly to the throat, standing collar, and small, inconspicuous tie. Until afternoon this is *de riguer*, but by the time 5 o'clock tea is served he is supposed to have made an entirely fresh toilet, with dress shirt, low-pointed vest, a white cravat, and his best evening coat, in which he serves dinner. Under no possible circumstances does a butler touch powder to his hair, wear gloves, or the smallest touch of color. He is the recognized head of the servants, and as such is superior to minor frivolities of dress.

For the second man in the morning but one livery is possible. The trousers are of dark melton, usually green, with a tiny line of yellow or red down the outside seam. He wears a high collar, small dark tie, and vest that fastens up to hide every particle of the shirt. This vest is horizontally striped with minute lines of red or yellow and three rows of gilt or silver buttons. His coat is a swallowtail, and only the change from a colored to a white tie marks his morning and evening toilets.

However, if footmen are put into court dress after 6 o'clock they are very gorgeous creatures. They then grease their hair liberally with tallow and whiten it with a plentiful sprinkling of flour. Their limbs are encased in silk hose, they wear low, buckled pumps, velvet knee breeches, buff or blue waistcoats, and dark red or yellow coats. When special splendor is desired, gimp is used for elaborate frogging and shoulder knots, but as this ornamentation is only employed by noblemen abroad it seems a trifle snobbish in this country. It is not form to adopt breeches with less than two footmen, and only in big households is the effect good. Then the men must be chosen partly with reference to their size and fine complexions, for small, sallow creatures look absurd in powder and plush.

Of late, New Yorkers who support double broughams with two men on the box have ventured to add considerable color to their establishments. Scarlet brow bands are decidedly in vogue, with crimson or yellow rosettes on the head stalls, big cockades on the hats of the coachmen and groom, and one of these two colors lining the men's trousers and edging their vests and coats.

The smartest combination in liveries this season is a warm reddish brown with touches of scarlet. The men's clothes are of heavy Melton of the two shades mentioned above, with big gilt buttons, double-breasted overcoats reaching nearly to their heels, fox-colored gloves stitched with black, and for very cold weather high-collared wolf-skin capes and cuffs. They are supposed to be as fit as English tailors can turn them out. When these liveries are worn the brougham itself is always painted in exactly the same tint of brown, the wheels picked out in red, with an inside lining of pure golden brown satin or drab cloth.

HOW IT CROSSES THE BORDER.

Opium, Pig-tailed Celestials, and Other Illicit Merchandise from Canada.

BUFFALO, Jan. 14.—"If the whole of Canada was done up in ten-pound packages I'd smuggle it all into the States inside of a year."

Such was the remarkable boast made to the writer by one of the sleekest smugglers who ever went unhung. "Talk about opium smuggling," he continued, "why, there was never so much brought in over the eastern border as there is to-day."

Pressed for the reason why, he said it was because the McKinley bill had raised the duty from $10 to $12 a pound. Crude opium can only be prepared lawfully in the United States in a Government warehouse under the supervision of a Federal officer and a tax of $10 a pound—conditions practically prohibitory.

Most of the opium is smuggled across the St. Lawrence from Montreal and Quebec, so the writer was informed. This is because the conditions are there more favorable than elsewhere. The business of smuggling is regularly organized, like any other modern industry, though hundreds of small smugglers are working privately and without assistance from the gang. Most of the arrests that are announced in the papers come from their ranks. Professional smugglers are rarely detected in the act. At this season of the year less opium is smuggled across the Niagara than at any other, because it is necessary to travel by rail, which is hazardous for professionals. All Government detectives stand in with train hands, who are quick to spot "dope runners" and peach on them.

Just before the holiday season a large amount of poultry was smuggled across the river to this place to escape the duty of five cents a pound, but the officials found it very hard to stop this, especially between Niagara Falls and Tonawanda, because when the smuggler was apprehended he claimed that he brought the poultry from Grand Island, a statement that could not be disputed unless he was caught coming from the Canadian shore. Strange as it may seem, ten times as much petty smuggling is done into Canada as into the States. This is a matter which does not concern our Government officials, though they may not be ignorant of it, yet their relations with the Canadian border officers are not so cordial that they swap information. On the recent occasion of a church fair in Clifton two women, leading spirits in the church at that place, took a bushel basket full of dolls across the river at one trip. They had long pockets in their dresses hung from the waists, which would hold a peck apiece, and in these the dolls were placed. Another instance was related where a woman carried in one trip a ham, a shoulder, and five pounds of sugar.

More remarkable than either, perhaps, as showing the capacity of woman to convey merchandise, is the story told of a woman who was caught with four dressed chickens and five dozen eggs on her person. It would hardly seem that eggs could be successfully smuggled, and this woman's way of doing it is interesting. She wore a petticoat with seams or grooves running entirely around it, so that rows of eggs were ranged around the garment one below the other. In this manner she could carry ten dozen eggs. Certain Canadian storekeepers are said to keep a dressing room with a woman attendant in the rear or basement of their stores, where female smugglers may disgorge or take cargoes aboard.

Since the passing of the Chinese Exclusion act, the smuggling industry has been increased by the desire of Celestials to get into the United States at all hazards. During the past year public attention has several times been attracted to the clever apprehension of the "pig tails" as they landed on our shores, and the Government officers at this point have gained considerable credit for their sagacity and alacrity in gathering in the wily intruders. They believe that the Chinese traffic at this point and along the Niagara River is about ended.

The poor Celestials have had a pretty hard time of it between their pretended friends who helped them across the river and the officers of the law. In several instances Chinamen have been robbed at the muzzle of a revolver after being landed on the American shore. In Queenstown there were two gangs engaged in running the Celestials across the river to Lewiston and its vicinity, and a rivalry sprang up between them. If one gang learned that the other had taken a party of Chinamen in hand, they would cross the river ahead of them, and after the Chinamen were secreted in the bush, rob them, and notify the officer of their presence. Under such circumstances the Chinamen were helpless. The majority of them now cross at Windsor, and it is hard to apprehend them there, as there is a long stretch where they have abundant opportunities for hiding.

GAME OF GAELIC FOOTBALL.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE VIGOROUS AND EXCITING SPORT.

Remarkable Progress of the Game in America—It is Easily Understood, and Commands Attention from Start to Finish—The Rules and Noted Players.

The very entertaining game of Gaelic football recently played at Madison Square Garden made a decided impression upon those who saw it. The simplicity of the game renders it attractive to the average spectator, and the constant, vigorous action tends to hold the attention of all onlookers.

Gaelic football has been played by the youth of Ireland for centuries past, and is to-day one of the most popular sports in Erin. Many of the contests there are attended by from 10,000 to 20,000 persons, and intense interest is manifested in the results. The Gaelic Athletic Association have charge of all events, and a few years ago that organization sent to America a delegation of fifty athletes, including football players, hurlers, and general athletes, with the object of establishing the sports in America.

While the exhibitions of the visiting athletes were not successful in the matter of attendance, still the object sought was attained and the Gaelic Athletic Association of America was formed and has grown to large and vigorous proportions. New York's membership in the association consists of fifteen clubs, and there are five unattached clubs. In those twenty clubs there are probably 2,500 strong-limbed young Irishmen, nearly all of whom have played the game in the old country. Of the clubs in this vicinity the best football teams are presented by the Irish-Americans, the Kickhams, and the Shamrocks. There have been three struggles for the championship, one being won by the Irish-Americans, the others by the Kickhams, but in the third there was a dispute regarding time, and the council of the association decided in favor of the Kickhams, which made them the champions. The championship will be decided in February.

There is so much activity in a game of Gaelic football that every man on a team has an opportunity to exert himself, and there is no room for a poor player, whose weak points can be detected at once.

According to the rules of the game, a full team consists of twenty-one players, and when full teams are put in the field, the rules also require that the ground shall be 196 yards long and 140 yards wide. As that sized ground is not easy to find in this country, the number of players has been cut down to fifteen, and the largest possible grounds have been selected, and it is set forth that no ground be less than 140 yards long and 84 yards wide. The ground on which the college game is played is 110 yards long and 53 yards wide. The officials of the game consist of a referee and two umpires, and when the latter disagree, the referee's decision is final.

The goal posts are twenty-one feet apart, and there is a cross bar eight feet from the ground. Then there are two posts set in the ground twenty-one feet from the goal posts. To score a goal, the ball must be driven between the goal posts and beneath the cross bar. When the ball is sent between the goal posts, but over the cross bar it counts a point, as does also the driving of the ball between the goal posts and the stakes set twenty-one feet away. When no goals are scored the game is decided on the points made, but one goal will beat any number of points.

The time of play is one hour, with an intermission of ten minutes at half time; and, when the sturdy exponents of the game have kicked and pounded the leather for an hour, with the accompanying running and struggling, they are in condition to be thankful for a rest. It is a game that requires great strength and vitality in the players.

The only way of propelling the ball is by kicking with the foot, or striking with the hand. The ball must not be thrown nor carried. At the same time there is nothing in the rules to prevent a player throwing the ball a little in front of him in order to get a chance to kick it, and this rule enables a player to do something which invariably attracts attention. Having caught the ball, which is permissible, he starts on a run, and, instead of kicking, he bounds the ball on the ground, and keeps it jumping up and down by striking it with his hand, the player meanwhile being on a keen run and hotly pursued by a dozen players. That trick is called "hopping" the ball, and as the rule says that the sphere cannot be carried more than three paces, the object of "hopping" is made apparent.

When a fair catch is made the catcher may kick the ball in any way he pleases, and in all free kicks the ball must be kicked from the ground, no player on the opposite side being allowed to approach nearer than fourteen yards until the ball is kicked. When the ball is driven over a goal line outside of all the posts the goal keeper has a free kick, and this part of the game always excites enthusiasm. The ball is placed on the ground in front of the goal line, and the goal keeper, who is usually selected for his size and kicking ability, takes a position back of the line and makes a cyclonic rush at the ball, delivering a resounding kick that usually sends the sphere well toward the opposite goal.

The manner in which the ball is put into play is decidedly interesting. The opposing players form in two parallel lines at the centre of the field, each man holding the hand of a player on the other side. The referee stands at one end of the line, and tosses the ball up in the air so that it will fall about the centre of the line. Thereupon the players let go of hands with great alacrity, and the play begins with a furious rush.

Players are not allowed to wear iron nails or projectiles in their shoes, and the rules regarding fouls are very strict. Pushing from behind, butting with the head, tripping, or holding, are all deemed foul, and the referee has the power to order an offending player to cease playing for such length of time as he may see fit, with the added penalty that the team of the disciplined player may not put a substitute in his place. The referee may also, in his discretion, allow a free kick for infraction of the rules.

When the amount of hard kicking that is done is considered it seems remarkable that the players escape with so few injuries. It is a fact, however, that Gaelic players are seldom injured except through collisions when running. The players wear knee breeches, leaving the calf of the leg bare. A good wing player should be able to run 100 yards in eleven seconds, and the speedy running occasionally results in serious collisions. The ball used is perfectly round and about thirty inches in circumference.

Among the noted players are Capt. J. Cotter of the Irish-Americans, who is a crack forward, a tricky runner, and great scorer. P. Dee of the same club is a physical giant and a very strong back. The Anglim brothers are also strong backs and important factors in the success of the Irish-Americans. Of the Kickhams, William Sheehan, the captain, is a phenomenal kicker, while T. Savage, it is claimed, has no superior as a wing player. Of the Shamrocks, O'Donnell, goal keeper; Gallagher, back, and Lynch, wing, are noted for effective work.

P. Buckley of the Mitchells is reputed to be a fine all-round player, and J. Cranley, captain of the same team, who generally plays in the centre, is noted for his long kicks and success in securing free kicks.

P. Hayes of the Barrys has a fine reputation for efficient work. Every one of the fifteen teams in the association contains a number of crack players, and the contests never lack scientific and skilful effort.

The positions on a team are a goal keeper, two full backs, four half backs, two centres, four forwards, a right wing, and a left wing. The most important positions are those of goal, backs, forwards, and wings.

Since the Gaelic Association have secured Ridgewood Park there has been a boom in their sports. Owing to the fact that most of the players are young men, whose employment keeps them busy on week days, their contests usually take place on Sunday.

Rewarded for Rescuing French Aeronauts.

From the Morning Oregonian.

ASTORIA, Jan. 4.—The German bark Germania, from Grimsby, arrived here to-day. She brings a strange tale of the sea.

The 15th of July, when six days out, in the English Channel, she ran into a heavy storm, and at 5 o'clock in the morning the lookout sighted, about half a mile ahead, a large balloon on the water's edge, with three men struggling in its basket. Though the waves were running very high a boat was put out from the vessel, and for nearly two hours attempted to come up with the balloon. At last, after great difficulty, and when the four German sailors in the boat were almost exhausted, they effected their purpose, and the occupants of the balloon were saved. Then began a heavy pull back to the ship, which was reached two hours afterward.

The rescued men turned out to be Leon Fabre, Sevran, and Giverault, well-known French aeronauts, the former a member of the Legion of Honor and principal aeronautic officer in the Franco-Prussian war. The same evening the Germania fell in with the French fishing sloop Reine des Anges, and the three rescued men were transferred to her. She took them to Hamaret-sur-Mer, a fishing village, where they were landed safely.

On the night of July 10 the Casino in Havre was brilliantly illuminated. The event of the evening was a balloon ascension by the aeronauts, but they desired it postponed on account of the stormy weather. The director of the Casino insisted, and the balloon was blown out to sea, firing red rockets as she went to notify the spectators of her danger. Many boats put out, but the balloon rose higher and higher, and was finally lost to sight. When the Captain arrived here to-day he found four handsome gold medals and an illuminated scroll waiting for him, with the compliments of the Government, in recognition of the bravery of himself and a portion of his crew.